

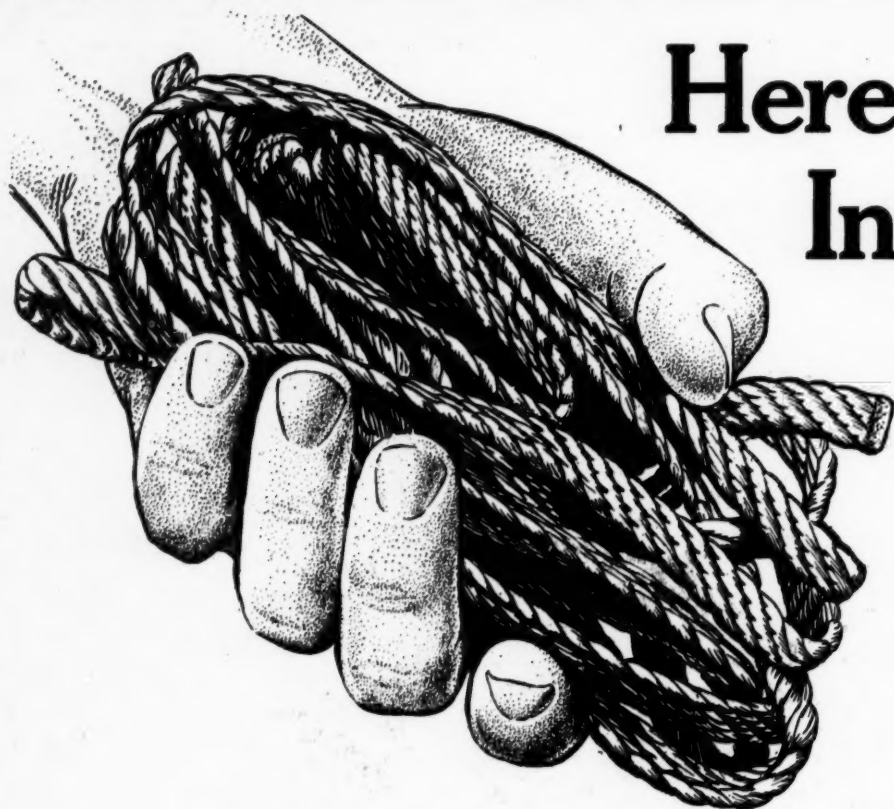
# Ruck

WEEK ENDING MAY 29, 1915  
PRICE TEN CENTS



UNDER POLICE PROTECTION

PAINTED BY TONY SARG,  
OF LONDON



# Here is the Inside Evidence Outside the Case

A Robe does not make a Judge—A Close Imitation  
of a SILVERTOWN Tire Tread does not make a

## SILVERTOWN

The Silvertown Cord Tire embodies five unique principles,  
which make it superior to any tire on the market.

- 1—It is the Strongest Tire Made. By that is meant it has the highest breaking strain in pounds per square inch of internal pressure.
- 2—It is the Most Economical Tire Made for either gasoline or electric consumption. A car equipped with these tires has more power and consumes less fuel per mile.
- 3—It is Immune from Stone Bruising—the big cause of blowouts.
- 4—Moisture Getting into the Body of this Tire does not Rot the Fabric, as the cords are thoroughly impregnated with rubber which prevents the moisture from attacking the cotton.
- 5—It can be Easily, and what is Most Important, can be Successfully Repaired.

All these things are due to the 2-ply rubber-covered, rubber impregnated cable cord construction not found in any tire made in the United States except the Goodrich SILVERTOWN Cord.

*Made and sold in the U. S. only by The B. F. Goodrich Co.—fully protected by U. S. patents.*

You can always tell a SILVERTOWN—it is Hall-Marked by TWO RED DISCS

*“If it isn’t a SILVERTOWN it isn’t the original successful cord”*

Factories:  
AKRON, OHIO

**THE B. F. GOODRICH CO.**

A Goodrich Branch in a hundred big  
cities — Goodrich dealers everywhere



**LEE Tires**  
 PNEUMATIC NON-SKID PUNCTURE-PROOF

**"Uninterrupted  
Mileage"**

 Zig-Zag Tread. The  
Scientific Non-Skid.

**O**BERVE how the expression "uninterrupted mileage" is creeping into tire advertising. Only those tires that are free from puncture and blow-out can yield genuinely "uninterrupted" mileage. The only pneumatic tires so guaranteed are:—

**LEE Tires**  
 PNEUMATIC NON-SKID PUNCTURE-PROOF

**Guaranteed  
Puncture-Proof**

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "12"

**LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.**  
 Manufacturers of Rubber Goods since 1883  
 CONSHOHOCKEN, PENNA.

Distributors in all the Principal Cities

 Look up "Lee  
Tires" in your  
'Phone Directory

**Puck**

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

**Next Week's Puck**

First, there's another Lou Mayer cover that breathes the very spirit of springtime. Mrs. Canary welcomes a new boarder, and naturally her "paying guests" are on tip-toe to find out all about the stranger. Hy Mayer gives us a glimpse of Sing Sing under the new regime, and from Munich comes an excellent Dudovich.

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# Summertime Suggestions

## On the Use of Food Confections

When berries come, mix them with Puffed Wheat or Rice. Blend the fruit with these flaky morsels which taste like toasted nuts. Puffed Grains, you'll find, will add as much as do the cream and sugar.



For a dairy dish, at supper or bedtime, float these grains in milk. These are toasted whole-grain bubbles, crisp and airy, delightful to the taste. And nothing else made from Wheat or Rice has every food granule exploded. That means easy, complete digestion.

Garnish ice cream with these Puffed Grains. It is like adding nut meats to it. Use Puffed Rice in candy making. It tastes like nuts but is far more flaky. The candy crumbles easily.



Let boys at play carry a pocket of Puffed Grains. Salt them like peanuts or butter like popcorn. In Puffed Grains, every atom feeds. And they do not tax the stomach.

**Puffed Wheat, 12c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**  
 Except in Extreme West

**CORN  
PUFFS**  
 15c

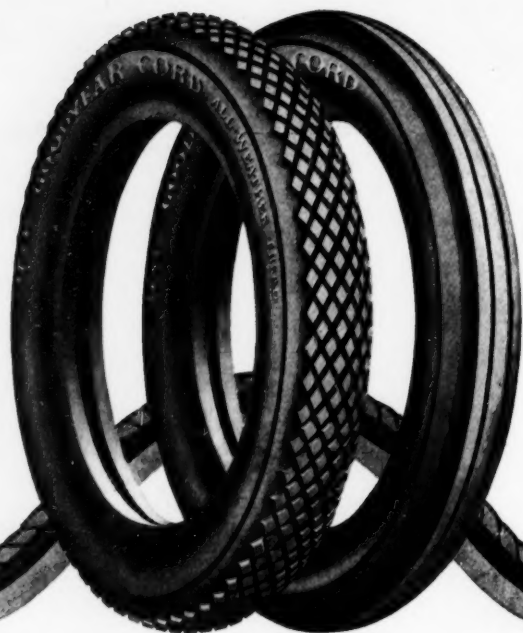
Puffed Grains with cream and sugar reveal but one delight. Millions of pounds are being served at other times than breakfast.

Bear this in mind. The more you serve these grains in puffed form the better for all concerned. Prof. Anderson's process best fits them for food. It makes confections of them. It does in a thorough way what cooking does in a half way. It breaks up the nutriment cells.

The handiest foods in your house this summer will be your Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

**The Quaker Oats Company**  
 Sole Makers

The  
11-Year  
Type  
Started  
1904  
Finished  
1915



All-Weather  
Tread

Plain  
Tread

## Goodyear Cord Tires

We now announce what appears to be the final attainment in Cord Tires.

It has 30% over-capacity—  
6 to 10 cord layers—  
126-piano-wire base—  
An anti-slip tread—  
The No-Rim-Cut type

We have built Cord Tires for 11 years now, starting with the English-French type. Today our experts all agree that we have attained the maximum.

### The Requisites

One Cord Tire requisite is sufficient capacity. Goodyear Cord Tires are built 30% oversize compared with the average. That means 30% extra air capacity, and air carries the load.

To attain maximum strength and endurance we use from 6 to 10 cord layers, according to size. To make them secure, we vulcanize 126 braided piano wires into each tire base. To combat rim-cutting we use our No-Rim-Cut type. And we equip these tires with our All-Weather tread, tough and double-thick, and with sharp, resistless grips.

All of these features are exclusive to the Goodyear type of Cord Tire.

### For Electrics or Gasoline Cars

The Goodyear Cord Tire means power-saving, riding comfort and speed. On Electrics it adds from 25% to 30% to the mileage per charge. That saving is too great to forfeit, so the Cord Tire is the only type of pneumatic which can be wisely advised for Electrics.

Owners of gasoline cars who want the same advantages can get them. We make Goodyear Cord Tires for gasoline cars in sizes 34x4 and up. Some of the leading cars now come equipped with them.

Most Electric car makers supply Goodyear Cord Tires on request. If you own an Electric, and these Cord Tires do not fit the rims, any Goodyear dealer will supply right rims free. Nearly all rims used on gasoline cars take these tires.

Our plea is to get the utmost when you get Cord Tires. Get this 11-year development—these five exclusive features. Goodyears cost no more than others.

Consult any Goodyear dealer, or ask any Goodyear branch—in 65 cities—where Goodyear Cord Tires are obtainable.

**GOODYEAR**  
AKRON, OHIO  
**Cord Tires**  
The Maximum Type

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Akron, O.

Five  
Features  
Found  
in no  
other  
Cord  
Tire



## Ten Minutes Before Dinner

When the Housewife Serves Van Camp's

All winter we've urged you to please the men, by serving Baked Beans as they like them.

Now our plea is to please yourself.

Now come the days when cooking isn't pleasant. You like to linger out-doors. Many a time a hearty, ready-cooked meal will help you.

The ideal meal for the hungry is Baked Beans. It's more nourishing than meat.

Serve the new-style Beans, the zestful kind, the kind that men enjoy. That kind can't be served too often. On many a hot day, when meal-time comes, you'll be glad to think of these meals on the shelf.

**VAN CAMP'S**  
**PORK & BEANS** BAKED WITH  
TOMATO SAUCE  
Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Until you know Van Camp's, Baked Beans will never gain their rightful place in your home.

Old-time baked beans—crisp, mushy and broken—were not served very often. Only the strongest digestions could deal with them at all. They were never half-baked.

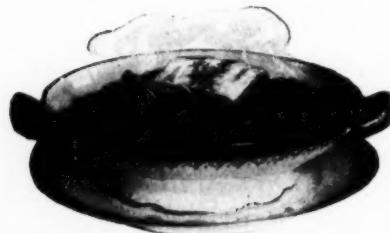
The Van Camp chefs created a new kind. The beans are picked out by analysis. The sauce we bake with them has a wondrous zest.

They are baked in steam ovens—baked for hours in small parcels—at very high heat. They come out whole and mellow and easy to digest.

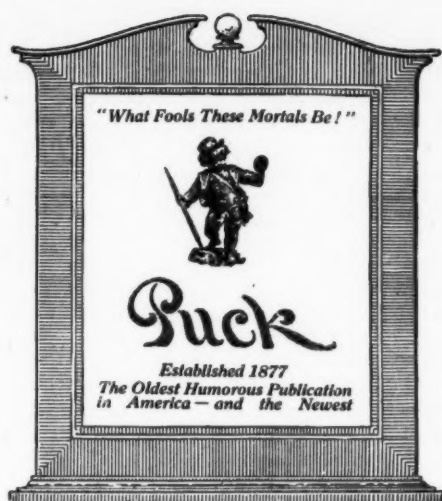
Van Camp's has multiplied Baked Bean popularity. The dish is a delicacy. The folks at your table will welcome Van Camp's as often as you will serve them.

Please learn the difference, if you do not know it. A single meal will reveal it so you can't forget.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.







VOL. LXXVII. No. 1995. WEEK ENDING MAY 29, 1915

#### HYPHENATED AMERICANS

Should any group of American citizens, whatever the country of their origin, admit that, in case of an international war in which we might be involved, they would be inclined to side with the country of their previous home rather than with the United States, they would be guilty of treasonable thought. They are themselves the worst argument against admitting to our shores and to our citizenship the peoples of every country. They are themselves a refutation of the whole principle of American Democracy.

—From an editorial in Puck, May 15, 1915

#### The President For All

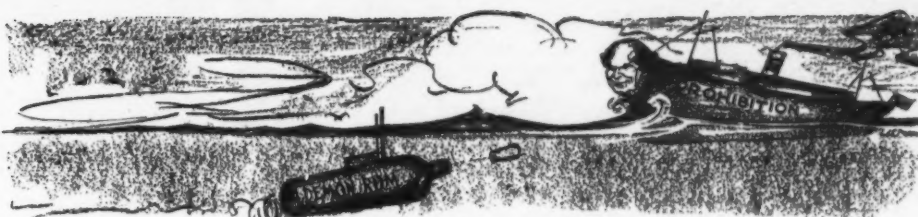
We have in this country one President and two ex-presidents. When news of the Lusitania's fate was flashed over the land, the two ex-presidents, Taft and Roosevelt, were among those promptly interviewed. The latter issued a vigorous, characteristic statement in which he outlined "our duty." The former said: "I do not wish to comment on the crisis that confronts the administration at this time. Leave it to President Wilson."

It is the privilege of every American citizen to speak freely on matters of public concern. It is no one's right to question that privilege. Colonel Roosevelt took no improper liberty when he defined America's duty; he is one of its foremost citizens; but Mr. Taft, by waiving his right to talk for publication, showed a timely appreciation of the difference between a president and an ex-president of the United States.

The President of the United States is responsible for his acts and decisions to ninety odd millions of people. An ex-president of the United States is responsible to no one but himself. The President, when he acts in a crisis, commits his country to his course. He may not talk officially of what "ought to be done"; he must determine what it is right, not for himself to do, but for ninety millions of people to do, through him. There is no heavier responsibility.

President Wilson is worthy of the nation's confidence. He is worthy of that confidence even if his first steps be not always in accord with surface sentiment. His record is his vindication. It is safe to say that no executive, not even Lincoln, ever sensed more keenly his duty and his trust. We say with Mr. Taft: "Leave it to President Wilson." His realization of his responsibility makes it impossible for him to act unpatriotically.

Puck



In the Political War Zone

#### The Doctor's Mare's Nest

Upon the shoulders of Dr. Bernhard Dernberg, the Kaiser's special envoy to this country, has fallen the difficult task of winning the good-will which Ambassador Bernstorff has so signally failed to enlist, and his utterances therefore take upon themselves a significance which Americans have been slow to accord to the communications issued by the Doctor's Washington confrere.

He has endeavored in his own way to enlighten a puzzled people, whose only desire is to keep out of the fracas; but since the Lusitania incident the learned Doctor has continually befogged the issue through characteristic bits of specious reasoning.

In a recent public address, he made the following statement:

"There will never be any universal peace until the German people have the same chance and the same right to branch out as have the people of other nations."

Since William II threw his hat in the ring last August, we have heard this statement repeated time and again by the Kaiser's spokesmen. What does it mean—if it means anything at all?

What Tantalus has dangled a dream of Empire before Germany's eyes and cried:

"See, here is something you cannot have!"

The two greatest steamship lines in point of tonnage in the world fly the German flag. They were, previous to the war, welcomed without let or hindrance at every port in Christendom with their cargo of German-made merchandise.

No anti-German Colossus straddles any harbor entrance within our knowledge, denying to Germany a realization of her commercial ambitions.

The German drummer covers every trade route in six continents, and his offerings are eagerly taken by the shopkeepers of all lands. No one has heretofore shown him the door because he was a German; in fact, his goods were preferred above all others in many rich markets where American-made goods are unknown.

Is this depriving Germany of a place in the world's commerce?

And in every country subject to the tide of immigration, you will find the German colonist, quiet, industrious, and honored in his community. Nowhere is this more pronounced than in America, where the leaven of German efficiency serves to increase the productiveness of some of our most important spheres of industry.

Assuredly, this is not denying to the German "the same right to branch out as have the people of other nations."

Dr. Dernberg's statement does not ring true. It smacks of an endeavor to create the impression that the peoples of the earth are in league to crush Germany's commercial expansion. Nothing could be more preposterous. As a matter of fact, the war itself has done more in ten months to shatter Germany's foreign expansion than Great Britain could have accomplished in a lifetime.

Is it not just possible that the Prussian War Party is repeating this piece of fiction to the sturdy German manufacturer in the hope that he will dig deeper into his chest for more gold with which to feed the dogs of war?

If Washington is growing restive under Dr. Dernberg's propaganda, he has only himself to thank. America asks only to hear the truth.





### THE REAL THING

MRS. SELLERS: I knew Mr. Sellers two years before I married him.  
MRS. GAYLORD: Yes? How long have you known him since you married him?

### IN A PULLMAN WASHROOM

I can never go into a Pullman washroom and come out believing in the brotherhood of man.

As soon as the porter calls me in the morning, I rush out to the washroom, but it is always full. Nothing seems to delight the porter more than to get everybody in the washroom at the same time. The more there are in the washroom, the happier he is. My porter is generally beaming.

People who get in ahead of me to wash always make a ceremony of it. They seem to be taking the sacrament.

At last, when one of them decides to go back and finish the journey with his family, I edge in, select a bowl, wash it out, rinse it carefully, dry it with a towel, hang up my coat and turn for the soap.



AN OVERDEVELOPED NEGATIVE

They never have enough soap to go around. They seem to think that a piece of soap never outlives its usefulness.

Just as I reach for the soap another passenger finds that he needs it, too—and gets it. While the passenger is whiling away the morning with the silver of soap, I bend over to see what kind of scenery is going by—and hit the window with the edge of my eye. By the time I have finished addressing a few pointed remarks to the weather stripping, the man has decided that he does not need the soap any longer. So I reach out for it and it squirts out of my fingers and under the seat.

Dignifiedly I get down on my knees to bring it succor, but just as I am poised on one knee, the train hits me with the seat. Still poised on my knee I play hide-and-seek with the soap until at last through sheer weariness it relaxes its attention for a moment and my fingers close over it. I arise in triumph—to find that someone else is occupying my bowl.

A few miles farther on one of the early settlers leaves and I grab his bowl. The soap has picked up the cinders under the seat, so I try to wash them out of the remaining fragment. By the time I get the cinders out the soap is gone.

Seeing a big, robust cake of soap I reach for it, but a hand goes out ahead of me and gleefully fastens on it. I reach on as if to try the water in the next bowl and whip a glance out of the corner of my eye, hurriedly calculating what he weighs. But he is too muscular.

Standing up in the rocking washroom I start to wash. A man swings into me on the left. I start to give him a look, but before I can get it ready a passenger on my right puts his elbow in my side. Smiling pleasantly I excuse him, but he flashes me a look as if I were to blame. One soon learns to get the you-are-the-one-to-blame look in a Pullman washroom.

I turn the basin handle to where it is marked "Hot" and slowly, very slowly, the cold water seeps out.

A few stations farther on when the bowl is full, I bend over to put my face in it, when the train takes a curve and the cold water comes out on my trousers. Bending quickly forward again I pick up the water and put it on my face. Rocking back and forth I wash whatever face is nearest me. I don't mind washing a row of faces so as to be sure not to miss mine, but I do object to have one of them bite me.

Nothing makes me madder than, while doing a kindly turn for a neighboring face, to have it get hold of my thumb and keep it there until I look along the line and hit it.

Just as I reach for a towel the train strikes another curve and somebody takes hold of my face, and puts soap in my eye. I don't mind having my face washed by strangers, but it makes me irritable when they use soap. While the soap is still in my eye, I find that the last towel is gone.

I stumble back to my seat, with my cheek drawn up over my eye, to look for a handkerchief in my bag, and after I have feverishly thrown the contents out on the floor I suddenly remember that it is in the pocket of my coat in the washroom.

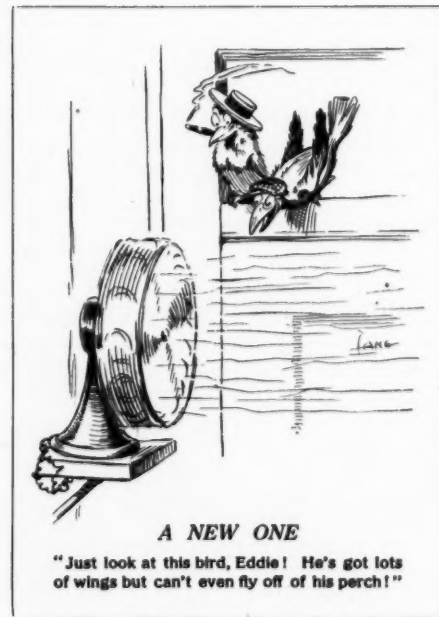
Wiping my eye on my sleeve, I fumble my way back to the washroom—and find the porter waiting for a tip. By the time I am through washing, and ready to come out of the room, I am an open and avowed enemy of the brotherhood of man.

### BIBLICAL INJUNCTION BY PROXY

HOKUS: Flubdub is very careful about the training of his family, isn't he?

POKUS: Yes; he tries to bring up his children in the way he should have gone.

Nothing succeeds like a novelty; that's why it is so easy to attract a married woman's attention with a careless compliment.



A NEW ONE

"Just look at this bird, Eddie! He's got lots of wings but can't even fly off of his perch!"





## MAISIE AT THE MUSIC HALL

By Quincy Kilby

SCENE.—Balcony of the Fliverty Theatre. Maisie and Aunt Lois are reading the advertisements on the curtain and eating chocolates from the slot-boxes on the backs of the seats.

AUNT LOIS: When I was a girl they used to call shows like this variety shows, but now they're all fashionable volatile.

MAISIE: What's that mean?

AUNT LOIS: The paper calls it a melee of mirth, melody and mysentery. This theatre's on the Keith circus and the entertainments are warranted not to offend the most fallacious. Watch now. The first number's the Tipsychorean Tuo in Cabriolet and Barroom dances. See, that's the tanjo. And this one's the mawkish. This is the bog trot. Ain't they elegant? Julia Elting's comin' here next week. She's the best female persecutor on the stage. I wish they'd get Bryant.

MAISIE: Who's Bryant?

AUNT LOIS: Why, William Cullen Bryant, secretary of state for peace. He drinks grapefruit.

MAISIE: What's this one—a blackguard comedian?

AUNT LOIS: That ain't blackguard, it's blackhand. He blacks his hands and face with burnt chalk. He used to be with Dogstealer's Minstrels. Oh, that reminds me of the talkin' dog they used to have here. Talked as plain as any oracle you ever heard.

MAISIE: What'd he talk?

AUNT LOIS: Doggerel. Did a mongrelogue. Here comes the headlighter this week, Wee Weenie in imitations. She takes off actresses.

MAISIE: She couldn't take much off some of 'em.

AUNT LOIS: I mean she sort of mocks 'em. The first one's Ethel Baltimore in Five Pounds of Lucre.

MAISIE: What's lucre?

AUNT LOIS: It's a kind of oil they use on typewriters. The next is Annie Hell, singin' "I Can't Make the Irish Behave."

MAISIE: She's got an awful name.

AUNT LOIS: She's got an awful job. Makin' them behave. This one's Baggy Deslys. She was one of the *innumeras* of King Manuel Without Command. Now it's Eva Gangway she's paraphrasin'. She says she don't care, but it's my opinion she's disseminatin'. Now she's takin' off Harry Lauditor. Don't she sing "I Love Molasses" real cute? Those are kelt she's got on.

MAISIE: I should think she'd catch cold in her knees.

AUNT LOIS: Shouldn't you? Looks as if her lingerie didn't linger, don't it? The Bed-ridden Arab Tumblers next. Tumblers! That one with the skirts on looks more like a goblet. They call him a whirlin' devilish. See them all turnin' mainsprings now, and buildin' themselves up into piroettes. They say they come from the Desert of Sahara Bernhardt. The next thing's a skitch. That woman's waitin' for her husband in her *bourgeois* at three o'clock in the niornin'. She's in *negligee*.

MAISIE: What does negligee mean?

AUNT LOIS: She thinks he's neglectin' her. She expects he'll come home full of champlain. I've seen stacks of these hyeneal dramas. First the husband and wife quarrel and squabble, then they miss and cake up, and they wind up with a tomical song. After that the curtain comes down and leaves them out in front of it, and he cuts up and she makes believe to truly laugh, till the next part's ready.

MAISIE: What's this mean—The Ratkillin' Trio—Piano, Man and Stool?

AUNT LOIS: He sings coot songs in rag-tag. The right name for it's sycophant music. Sometimes he sings competitions of his own, like "When You Wore a Tuber and I Wore a Red-breast Rose," and "I'm on My Way to Manitou."

MAISIE: It says the next one's a slight, off-hand performer. I don't think he's so very slight.

AUNT LOIS: He's a delusionist. That man with him don't really belong in the audience. He's a confetti. Watch 'em puttin' handicaps on the man's wrists. They're goin' to put him in that milkcan full of water and fasten down the top with fetlocks.

MAISIE: What are they goin' to do that for?

AUNT LOIS: So's he can get out again.

MAISIE: I should think it'd be easier for him to stay out in the first place.

AUNT LOIS: Shouldn't you, though? Here comes the primer ventriloquist. He talks with his pellet.

MAISIE: Is that his own son with him?

AUNT LOIS: Sho, child, that's only a dumpty made out of *paper mouche*. It's the man that does all the decalogue. Now that young lady's goin' to play on the axlephone.

MAISIE: What's an axlephone?

AUNT LOIS: Kind of a music box made out of clothespins, that she knocks on with drumsticks. It's what they call a pincushion instrument. That's a saxifrage she's blowin' on now. Now she's pickin' on a mandarin. That's Handle's Lager she's interpretin'. She's goin' to conclude her act with an obligarlic on a tubercle. Well, here comes the last article on the prologue, the Six Divin' Myrmidons, Queens of the Scurf.

MAISIE: My! I should think they'd be ashamed. Le's go home before that black paint all washes off 'em.



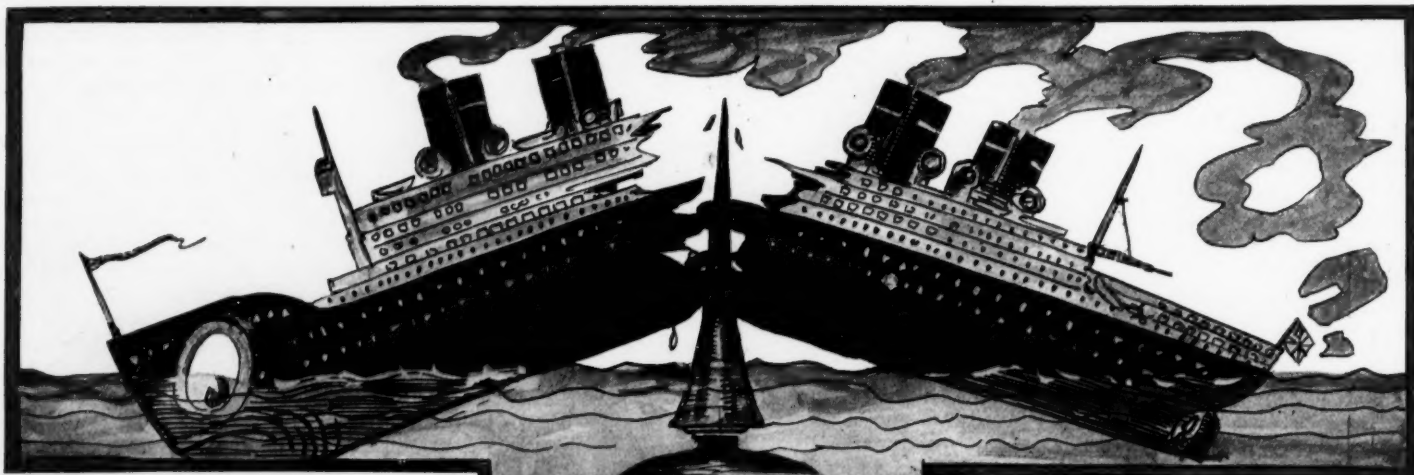
A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

Ruck

# THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON



Sir Daniels, the aquarian,  
Enjoyed a pleasant week-end,  
Parading of his battleships  
In Mr. Hudson's creek end.  
Charles Whitman overtaxed himself—  
We fear he'll never flourish;  
A sage declares  
That snow-white hairs  
Are very hard to nourish.

Vin. Astor has an aero boat,  
A sort of flying ferry,  
That sails the seas or rides the breeze;  
Amphibious? Oh, very!  
A Futurist musician wrote  
An anthem called "Erosion"—  
The neighbors shied,  
Then gently sighed:  
"Another bomb explosion!"

The Housewives' League has taken up  
Our pastry situation—  
The cake we bake is really not  
A credit to the nation.  
The German fervidness has gone  
Beyond the bounds of reason;  
The roof-top shows  
Are on their toes,  
And sunburn is in season.



Lord Justice Hughes, who laid a blight  
Upon the racing gentry,  
Announced that he would never be  
A Presidential entry.

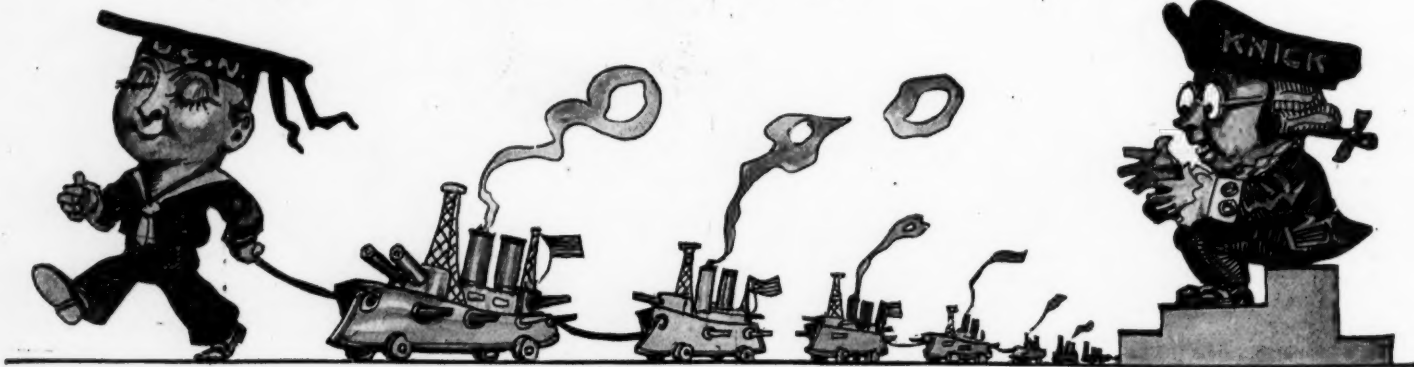


Herr Dernberg wants to kulturize  
Our somewhat frazzled feelings;  
The well-known fly  
Is roosting high  
On Gotham's summer ceilings.

Hen. Ford is throwing rebates to  
The folks of his arena—  
It seems to be a simple case  
Of Deus ex machina.  
A scientist has found the tree  
That hastened Adam's exit;  
The latest shoe  
Is Belgian blue,  
And life has much to vex it.

The Turks are winning victories  
On every front, 'tis stated,  
But when the ink gives out, we fear,  
They'll be annihilated.  
Vic. Huerta says the modern dance  
Is worse than revolution;  
Bill Sunday's hell  
Is doing well,  
And Wilhelm spanked the Roosian.

A vocal class for subway guards,  
Whose speech is our affliction,  
Was offered by the P. S. C.  
To purify their diction.  
'Tis said if one walks pigeon-toed  
'Twill make him more efficient;  
The Colonel's star  
Is still at par,  
And that will be sufficient.





## NIRVANA

ARGUMENT.—You and Your Wife are attending the same vaudeville show—best seats in the house thirty cents.

SHE: Oh, look at that man! He's going to fall! I know he's going to fall! Oh, why does he try such a thing!



EQUILIBRIST (*pretending to be very much scared at the prospect*): Oof!

THE SNARE DRUM:  
P-r-r-r-r-r-r—

SHE (*closing her eyes and squealing faintly*):  
E-e-e-e-e—

THE BASS DRUM:  
BOOMP!

The Equilibrist has leaped off the twelve barrels and now is safely on his head on the waiting unicycle. The front drop descends. The letter F glows in the frame at the right of the stage; that means Jobson and Jobson, Burht Cork Funmakers. A burnt cork funmaker is worse than an equilibrist, and yet — Gosh hang it all! Look at her!

SHE (*giggling*): Mph-mph-mph-mph—of course it's vulgar, but I think the way they say it is so funny.

THE LOW COMEDY JOBSON: I sure was runnin'. I-done heard that there same bullet twice. The fust time it passed me and then about a mile from town I passed it.

SHE: A mile from town he passed it. Isn't that delicious?

THE LIGHT COMEDY JOBSON: We will next sing a little song, entitled: "Sister Sarah's Shoeing Shoats in Shoshone."

SHE (*abandoning herself to mirth unfettered*):  
Ha-ha-ha-ha—

The drop rises revealing the Imperial Indian Trained Elephants, an act much more dismal than balancing equilibrists, and at least forty (40) times sadder than burnt cork funmakers. Yet even in the teeth of this she does not falter.

SHE: Isn't that little elephant funny?

The elephants tramp around the stage displaying almost animal intelligence.

SHE: And the big ones, too. I wonder how they can train them so well!

One elephant walks over the prostrate trainer — unfortunately without stepping on him.

SHE: See that! I never, never watched anything so interesting. (*With Rooseveltian conviction*.) It's wonderful!

The drop drops and Petite May, Slender Singer of Broad Songs, marches out. But, let us get to the nub of the matter. How is it, and why is it, that a woman of at least average intelligence can acquire such a compelling interest in balancing equilibrists, burnt corkians, and trained elephants? Ah, my child, come a little nearer, and listen with both ears and I will let you in on the secret of the



## ALMOST DEADLY

THE LION: Wow! This is awful! He's been using that lilac hair-oil again!



## BETTER NEVER THAN LATE

ages. Here is wisdom; here is knowledge; here is that which is beyond purchase and beyond price. Letter it on your forehead in characters of fire for here at last is Truth: *When a woman has been married five years to the same husband even vaudeville looks good to her.* Yup.

## A NOTABLE INSTANCE

*A cultured lady and a queen  
Was lovely Isabella.  
She met Columbus, quite a keen  
And cultivated fellow.*

*She didn't hail him as a dub,  
As you may well conjecture;  
But took him to her culture club  
And had him give a lecture.*

*The ladies voted him a dear  
And raised amid commotion  
The coin that started his career  
Across the unknown ocean.*

*This is, we wish it understood  
By those who are pooh-poohing,  
A little sample of the good  
These culture clubs are doing.*

## THE FUNERAL ROOM

Old Miss Fretty's tall and thin, skin and bones and fiddle strings, and she thinks all dirt is sin; she is always wiping things with a rag and dusting off, and her shoulders have a sag, and she's got a creaking cough, like an ancient rusty hinge. She's so awful neat and clean that you always scrooge and scringe, and feel dirty, small, and mean, and keep still as any mouse, 'fraid to touch a thing or sit, when you're up there at her house, and, you bet, you're glad to git!

She has got a funeral room, sad and solemn, dank and dim. Oh, it is a place of gloom, cold and shiv'ry and grim, something like a hermit's cave or a castle's dungeon keep; place, you know, where captives rave, or perhaps just moan and weep. I'll bet bats fly 'round that room, with their horrid hissing breath, all the day there in the gloom till at last they starve to death! I wouldn't in that old room stay, 'less I

had a gang—oh, gee!—not for all the gold I'd weigh. What she calls it don't fool me! Eh-yah!—bet your life, I know! Call it *parlor* if she will. I have had a chance to go just two times across that sill. And both times, by gee-mi-nee, 'twas a funeral oped the door. Unh-uh!—I don't care to see no such doings any more!

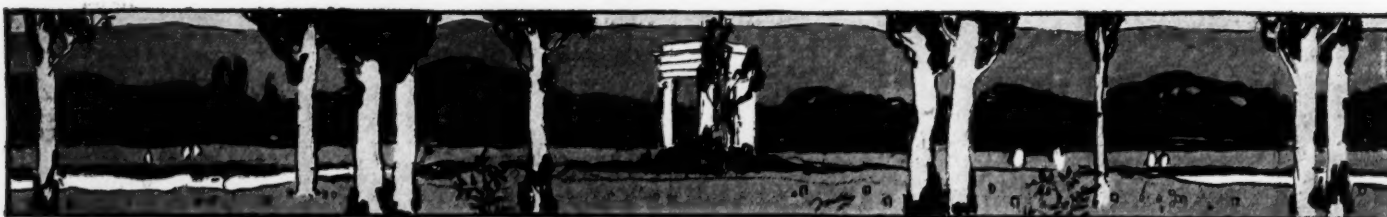
Old Miss Fretty's house is big, and she scrubs it o'er and o'er; sweep and dust and wipe and dig, dig and wipe and dust some more! Down at our home, while we lack lots o' things we sort o' need in our crowded humble shack, we don't have no selfish greed. And we ain't so dad-blamed clean that we can't enjoy to live. Streak o' fat and streak o' lean, give and take, and take and give. Aw, we wouldn't trade one board for that whole blame' house of gloom; all of old Miss Fretty's hoard, and her durned old funeral room!



## HER DECLARATION

HE: So they asked you if you were traveling with anything that you were trying to conceal. Did you tell the truth?

SHE: Yes; I told them nothing except you.



# THE SEVEN ARTS

~ ~ BY JAMES HVNEKER ~ ~

**Woe, Emma!** Probably the Rev. Billy Sunday has never been so completely summed up as in Emma Goldman's epigram: "Some barker." At once the image is evoked of a dealer in shabby second-hand ecclesiastical clothes, "barking" their merits, slightly shopworn, and "pulling in" passers-by. Indeed, "some barker." Billy's answer would probably be: "Woe, Emma!"

**The Waning Season** The art season wanes. The opera had a triumphant close. The retiring conductor, Alfred Hertz, was presented with a loving-cup—as big as the holy graal—and several testimonials of the esteem in which he is held by his colleagues at the Metropolitan Opera House. The art exhibitions are practically over, though all the galleries are open till the summer. The theatres are doing as well as can be expected, and of the making of books there is no end. The portraits of Henrik Lund, a Norwegian, at the Bourgeois Gallery, revealed a marked artistic individuality, primarily influenced by Manet. The Salon of Humorists at the Folsom Gallery brought under one roof many well-known New York painters and illustrators in a mood of exhilarating mockery. Glackens, John Sloan, Henri, Luks, Alfred Frueh—the paper sculptor—and many others were present. I liked best the "Dr. Slop" of genial George Luks (an old friend this richly humorous picture), and next best his portrait, rather say interpretation, of a modern art critic, embodied in the person of Frederick James Gregg, better known in the art world as "El Greggo." It is less an attempt at portraiture than a subtle visualization of the immortal stick and hat, also the moustache, of the revolutionary man from Dublin and Donnybrook Fair. (The artist has cleverly indicated the fight-motive.) John Quinn has lent five pictures from his rich collection to the Metropolitan Museum, three by Puvis de Chavannes, one by Augustus John, and one by C. H. Shannon. They are what is known as museum canvases, large and magisterial. Of them all I have often written. There are few better examples in private galleries than the Puvis's; one is the celebrated "Beheading of St. John Baptist." The Augustus John is a powerful work. It is of interest to note that the Shannon portrait is that of Lillah McCarthy (Mrs. Granville Barker), who has just terminated a successful season at Wallack's (which has vanished from the theatrical map forever). Miss McCarthy is depicted as Dona Ana in Shaw's "Man and Superman," in the act omitted in performance here. Bryson Burroughs, the curator of paintings, has given an interesting page in the April *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum* to the Quinn pictures. They may be found in galleries 19, 21, 24. Those who have had the pleasure and privilege of looking at these canvases in the home of their owner will not be surprised at their splendid appearance in a public gallery—where they should permanently hang.

**Angels and Demi-Gods** "The Demi-Gods" is one of the fantastic and fascinating narratives of James Stephens, a truly Celtic performance; also, truly Stephens. His mingling of peasants and angels in this tale of his (MacMillan) has set some critics to wondering if the Dublin poet had known "La Revolte des Anges," by Anatole France (1914). But I confess I find little resemblance between the books of the two men. "The Demi-Gods" is a

story that may be read to children, and, while I have no doubt that "La Revolte" is a favorite with college girls, nevertheless I shouldn't recommend it to elderly

persons of either sex. For, behold, what was once called obscene or blasphemous, is, by the magic of Anatole's art, turned into favor and prettiness. How is the miracle accomplished? The two tramps, a father and daughter, in "The Demi-Gods," encounter three angels, crowns and pinfeathers included, and, possessing Celtic imagination, are accepted as realities by the tramps. They live a common life, and the ending is not without sentiment; in fact, poetry suffuses the book. In "La Revolte," violence, rapine (and what would be vulgarity in another writer), Rabelaisian episodes and hissing irony make a feast for the lovers of Anatolian literature. But you are shocked if you have retained any old-fashioned prejudices as to decency and religion. The god that created us turns out to be—in the Anatolian cosmology—a tribal god, who, since he deposed Lucifer in a pitched battle, rules like a tyrant, and watches our little mud ball of a planet because he suspects the numerous angels, disguised as men, who are preparing a second angelic rebellion. With them are the anarchists and socialists, and M. France does not fail to score heavily against the monarchical form of government, nor does he miss the present republican regime of his own land. The clerical order is lashed, and we are given as a sub-plot another of those extraordinary pot-pourri of sensuality and sheer burlesque which are the special invention of the author. For re-reading, I prefer "The Demi-Gods" of James Stephens. It is a less sultry and disquieting story.

To call Anatole France a sceptic is to state a commonplace; but he is so many other things that he bewilders. The spiritual stepson of Ernest Renan, a partial inheritor of his

**Anatole France** pity and irony, and a continuator of the elder master's diverse and undulating style, France displays affinities with Heine, Aristophanes, Charles Lamb, Sterne, Voltaire, Epicurus. The "glue of unanimity," to use an expression of old Budaesus, has united the widely disparate qualities of his personality. His outlook upon life is the veritable outlook of Anatole France. He wears his vast learning with an air almost mocking. After the bricks and mortar of the realists, after the lyric pessimism of the morally and politically disillusioned generation following the Franco-German war of 1870, his genius came in the nature of a consoling apparition. Like his own Dr. Trublet (in "Histoire Comique"), he can say: "Je tiens boutique de mensonges. Je soulage, je console. Peut-il consoler et soulager sans mentir?" And he does deceive and console us with the resources of his art, with the waving of his lithe wand, which transforms whales into weasels, mosques into mosquitoes. Perhaps too much stress has been laid upon his irony. Ironic he is, with an irony that yields only to Renan. It is irony in the shape of the idea rather than in its presentation; atmospheric is it rather than surface antithesis, or the witty inversion of a moral order. He is a man of sentiment at times (Sterne and Shandean sentiment). But the note we always hear, distant as may be the reverberation, is the note of pity. To be all irony is to mask one's humanity; and to accuse Anatole France of a lack of humanity would be to accuse oneself of critical color-blindness. His writings abound in



Drawn by M. DEZAYAS at a personal interview



Ruck



*THE PATHS OF GLORY*

DRAWN BY E. THOENY

IN THAT  
TOPSEY-TURVEY  
WORLD -  
AN INTRODUCTION:  
"AND THIS IS MY  
SON"

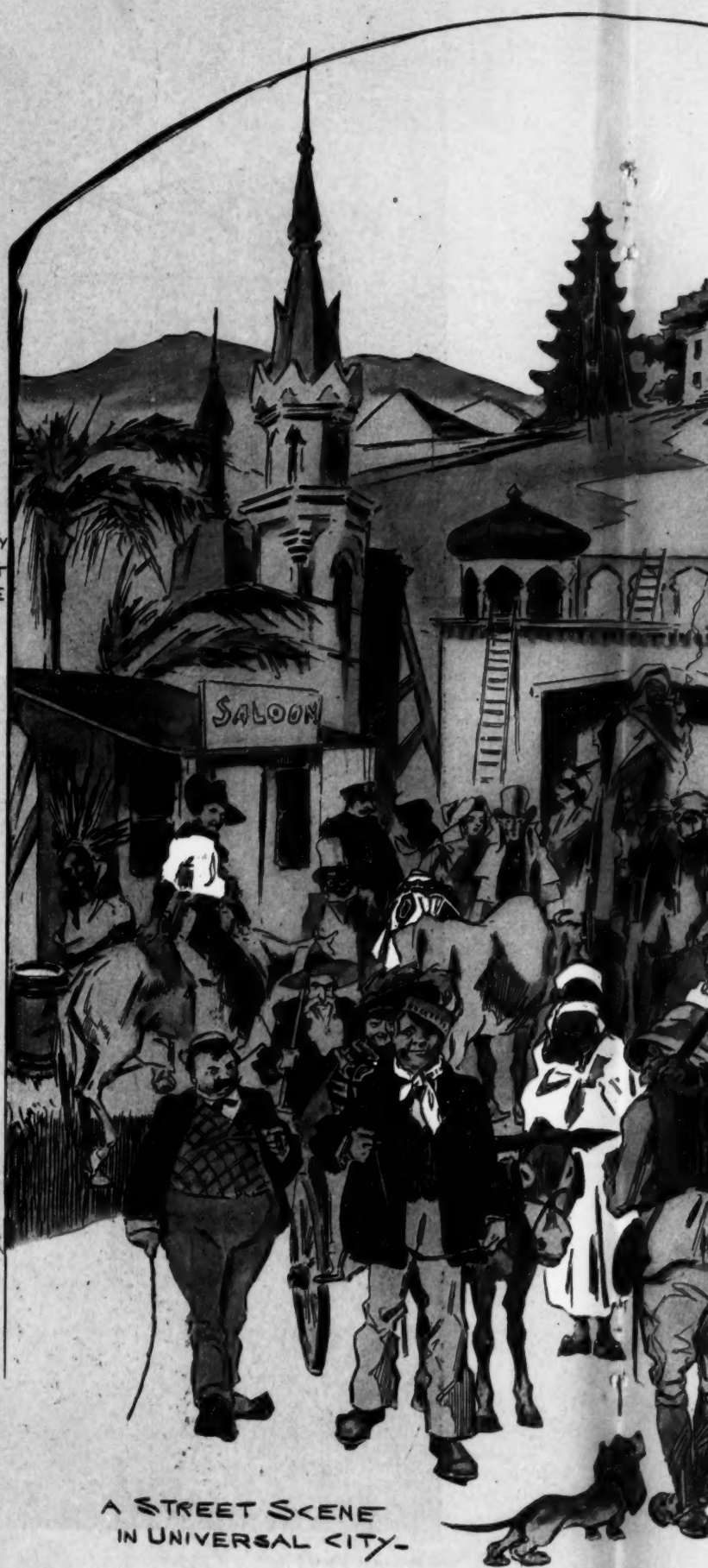


CHASES, HAVING BECOME AN  
INSTITUTION WITH EVERY COMEDY,  
ARE GETTING SO PLENTIFUL THAT THEY  
ARE BEGINNING  
TO INTERFERE  
WITH EACH  
OTHER -



HOTEL PROPRIETOR TO THE  
MOVING PICTURE DIRECTOR:

"I WISH YOU COULD SEND ONE  
OF YOUR COMPANIES AROUND AGAIN TO ACT ON  
OUR VERANDA - OUR GUESTS ARE GETTING BORED."

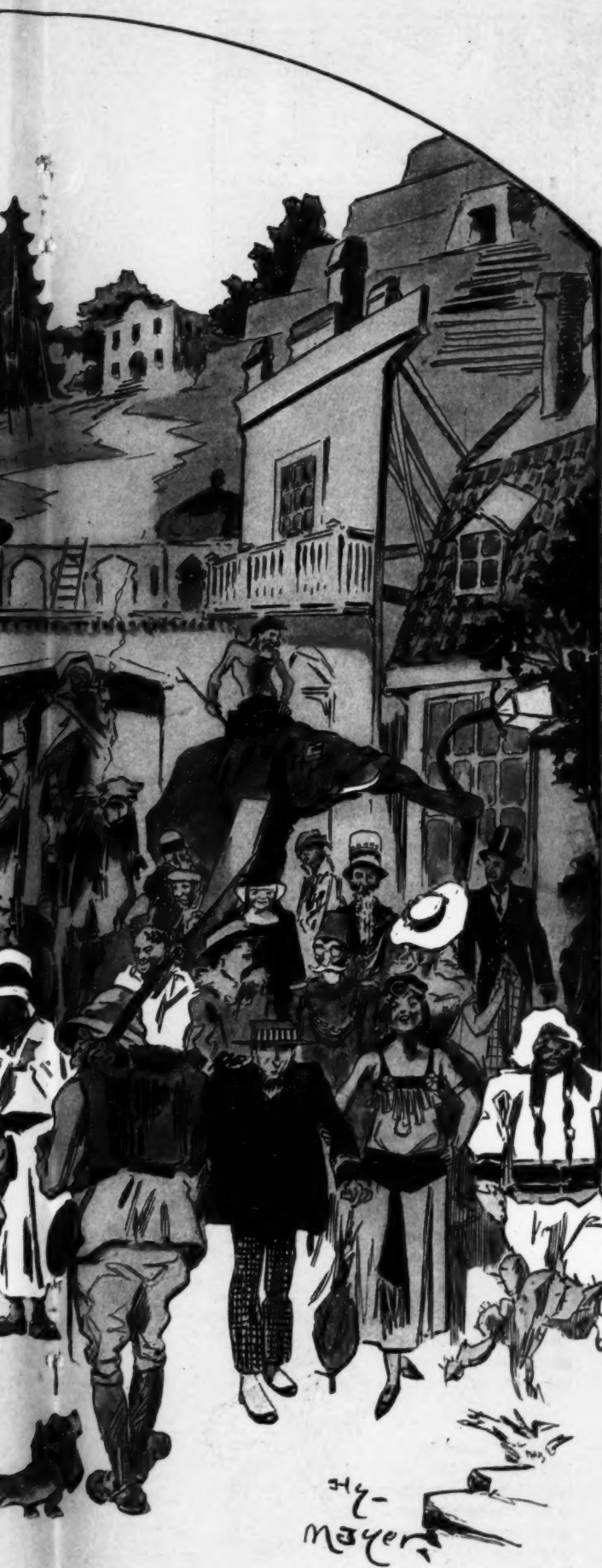


A STREET SCENE  
IN UNIVERSAL CITY -

# IN UNIVERSAL CITY, A MOVING

(The second of a series of double pages made by Mr. Mayer on his re





BETWEEN THE ACTS -  
THE CALL OF THE WILD



THE FEARLESS  
CAMERA MAN IN THE ACT  
OF TAKING A  
JUNGLE INTERIOR -

IN THE ART DEPARTMENT

WINTER IN LOS ANGELES.  
'JAMES, SIX MORE ICICLES,  
SOME MORE COTTON FOR THAT  
WINDOW LEDGE AND PUT PLENTY  
OF SALT ON THE STEPS.'



By HY MAYER

## A MOVING-PICTURE TOWN

Mr. Mayer on his recent trip to the two California Expositions.)

Ruck



# The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON

## The Month's Greatest Theatrical Thought

"We only live our allotted span on this earth."  
—Fritzi Scheff, in an interview in the N. Y. World.

**Applause.**—A token of approbation and encouragement of actors. Hence, a device for the ultimate suppression of drama.



**The Darwinian Theory.**—The theory that we are a race descended from matinee idols.

It took Moliere and Sheridan, as it now takes Shaw and Bahr, years to fashion their comedies. And yet, when all is said and done, what is funnier, what provokes a louder laughter, than the mere articulation of the name Gustav?

**English Actor.**—One who is regarded by our dumbfounded theatregoers as a great actor because of his technical ability to look and talk, albeit remotely, like a gentleman.

**Harry B. Smith.**—The man whom the mother-in-law joke invented.

To criticize seriously many of the plays presented in our theatres is like bringing Newcastle to coals.

The saddest words\* of tongue or pen—it might have been.  
\* Theatrical.

## No. 85,672

There was a little girl,  
Who had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead;  
And when she was good,  
She was very, very good,  
And when she was bad she was taken to a  
Broadway "success".

If, as many of the so-called constructive critics maintain, it is true that our "realistic" American drama is largely successful in holding the mirror up to nature, it must follow as a logical corollary that all the important events in our national life occur in the libraries of private houses, and that, whatever their nature, they are never without their "love interest," "comic relief," and display of the latest styles in women's gowns.

**Chorus Girl.**—Any woman over thirty-five who is able absolutely to convince a producer that she cannot sing.

**Successful Theatrical Manager.**—One who rejects bad plays and produces worse ones.

**Entr'actes.**—Those periods of a drama wherein occur the most interesting events in the lives of its protagonists.

Why is it that theatrical audiences always laugh at the blunders of the innocently ignorant characters in a drama and are moved to compassion by the blunders of the intelligent? Is this not directly opposite to the practise in actual life?

**Dramatic Technique.**—The art of saying nothing skilfully.

## The Month's Second Greatest Theatrical Thought

"More than fifteen thousand persons, sitting in the bowl of America's greatest amphitheatre, witnessed the great open-air performance of 'Joan of Arc,' with the sky as the proscenium arch. . . . With the first blasts of the orchestra, a flock of sheep trailed slowly under the glare of the lights, munching at the grass. There was dead quiet. One of the lambs looked about, and gave voice to a 'Ba-a-a.' It was the first note of the play."—Mrs. Annie Adams Kiskadden, in the "Life Story of Maude Adams and her Mother," in the Green Book Magazine.

**Royalties.**—The percentage of the gross receipts which playwrights get from producers after lawsuits.

**Definition of dramatic critic:** One who is criticized by dramatists.

The hero of a popular dramatic success is that character in the play who looks most like a barber.

**Musical Comedy.**—The theory that a lady's legs are actually more interesting than music or comedy. In other words, a theory that is true.

The "happy ending"—the drop-curtain.



(Continued on page 20)



## ON THE OTHER HAND—

By Simeon Strunsky

The academic touch illustrating the completeness with which the college has been brought into harmony with life:

### The President of the University at the Annual Alumni Luncheon

"We live in stirring times. Bethlehem Steel opened strong to-day at 143. Westinghouse Electric, which betrayed tendency to sag early in the week, is at a new high-water mark and the shorts are breaking for cover. I need not point out what this means for the highest interests of our university. An active speculative market means a weak bond market, a situation of which the trustees, at the suggestion of your president, were quick to take advantage. We have increased our bondholdings by \$1,345,243.45 at an average of 4¼ per cent as against a former average of 4½ per cent, one of the most notable achievements in the recent history of higher education in this country.

"The Pittsburg mills are working 77 per cent capacity, tonnage through the Panama Canal shows an increase of 15 per cent over the same month of last year, and we confidently look forward to a favorable share for Alma Mater in the general prosperity. But we must all do our part. We have four thousand students in the summer session. That is not enough. We want six thousand by next year and ten thousand by 1918. A Ten Thousand Club is already in process of formation. I trust that everyone within reach of my voice will lose no time in joining. Take off your coats, roll up your sleeves, and boost for culture.

"In the last fiscal year we have reduced our lighting bills by \$432.45. We have also increased the average number of lecture hours per professor per week by 12 per cent, and the average efficiency of full professors by 6 per cent, associate professors by 10 per cent, instructors and tutors by 27½ per cent. We have reconstructed the entire electric signal system and reduced to 2¼ minutes the average time in which heads of departments under sixty may reach the President's office. We are contemplating a system of compulsory physical education for faculty members by which this time may be further reduced. In short, I look forward to a year of intensified usefulness and service. I thank you."

### The 'Varsity Show

Half-a-dozen librettos were submitted. One was based on "The Merry Wives of Windsor." One was based on "She Stoops to Conquer." One was based on "The School for Scandal."



### RIGHTO!

"I just got stung for some accident insurance. Well, a feller never can tell when he'll need it."



### THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

MISS LITEFOOT: Sam, are yo' a Republican or a Democrat?  
MR. PULLMAN: Me? Oh, Ah's neutral. Ah sells to both parties.

One was suggested by Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." One was a satirical farce dealing with the History Department in the manner of Aristophanes. The successful book is called "Yes, You Won't." It has three acts and eleven scenes with nine changes of costume. The first scene is laid in Jack's. The second scene is laid in the Fiji Islands. There are also scenes showing the interior of a German submarine, a Broadway roof with the Castles, the Court of Honor at the Panama Exposition, and a Hindoo temple with mummies who come to life and do a sacred dance.

The hit of the play was made by Kennerly Foster, '17, as *Flimsy Flossie* in a topical song entitled "When Billy Sunday Slams the Singer Building." Howard P. Jenkins, Science '18, received three encores for his dream ditty, "Take Me Back to Old Wisconsin." The dialogue went with a bang. There is a temptation to quote the whole text, but two examples must suffice:

FLIMSY FLOSSIE: They haven't been arresting you lately for overspeeding.

GEN. MUTTANDJEFF: No; I can't af-Ford it.

In the second act *Flimsy Flossie* and Grand Juke Bonehead are dining at Shanley's:

FLIMSY FLOSSIE: What part of the lobster do you prefer?

BONEHEAD: The Klav and Erlanger.

### Intercollegiate Baseball Game

From the West Stand: "Workin' all the time!

Workin' all the time! 'Attaboy! 'Attaboy! On your toes! On your toes! Slam it on the trade-mark!"

From the East Stand: "Eehiyah! Eehiyah! He's goin' up! Try a balloon! 'Attaboy! Eehiyah! Eehiyah!"

### The Comic Monthly

It has a cover in colors and the drawing is almost as clever as most of the things in *Le Rire* or the *Journal Amusant*. The back cover is in colors and it shows two sophomores at billiards in dinner coats and arrow collars. The jokes are up-to-the-minute, actual, mature:

FIRST JUNIOR: You don't see as much of her as you used to.

SECOND JUNIOR: Well, you know the things they are wearing now.

But when the class ballot is taken some time before Commencement the favorite poet is Kipling, the favorite novelist is Dickens, and the favorite dramatist is Shakespeare.





### A MERE COINCIDENCE

OLD TROTTER (between puffs): Not laughing at me, I hope?  
HIS PARTNER: Perish the thought! I was just thinking of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog!"



### DOUBT

When timid Spring was on her way,  
Dear Nancy came a-tripping  
Across the waking fields one day,  
Where lambs should have been skipping.  
And in her footprints there sprang up  
A violet, presuming,  
While close to it, a buttercup—  
And Spring at last was blooming.

I saw—and hastened to her side,  
Because I worship Nancy;  
This was the time, at love's full tide,  
To sound for me her fancy.  
She whispered "yes," I plucked the flow'rs  
In manner unjudicial,  
And kissed them—but, by all the pow'r's,  
They both were artificial!

She dropped them. Was it thoughtlessly,  
(My wits, alas, forsake me!)  
Or did she think I couldn't see,  
And knew that Spring must wake me?

### THE MAN OF IT

"Had a pretty hard day yesterday. Worked from nine to three and made only fifty dollars."

"Yes?"

"But I had a pretty soft evening. Played poker from nine to three and quit two dollars and eighty-five cents to the good."

It's a long road that has no "turn-turtle-ing."

### WITH HIS LAST BREATH

Rupert Dollardown was in the sturdy manhood of his early twenties as he gazed admiringly at the highly polished 88-note player-piano.

"A beauty, sir," purred the gentlemanly salesman; "and remember, you pay for it in small weekly instalments—little sums you will never miss."

\* \* \*

Rupert Dollardown is rounding out a long life of useful endeavor. His sons and their children are at the aged man's bedside.

"Father," asks one son, choking with emotion, "is there one last wish you would express? Is there anything on your mind that we can do for you?"

"Yes, son," replied the octogenarian, wearily; "will you see that this week's instalment is paid on the piano before I go."

And Rupert Dollardown passed to his reward.



### CORRECT SOLUTION

CASSIDY (jocosely): I suppose you're learnin' a lot iv histhory at school, Danny, but I'll bet ye a jitney ye don't know who strhuck Billy Patttherson.

DANNY: You're spilling reverse English, dad; it was Billy Sunday who struck Paterson.



## Neighborizing the Farmer

One of the most significant facts of our telephone progress is that one-fourth of the 9,000,000 telephones in the Bell System are rural.

In the days when the telephone was merely a "city convenience," the farms of the country were so many separated units, far removed from the centers of population, and isolated by distance and lack of facilities for communication.

But, as the telephone reached out beyond cities and towns, it completely transformed farm life. It created new rural neighborhoods here, there and everywhere.

Stretching to the farthest corners of the states, it brought the remotest villages and isolated places into direct contact with the larger communities.

Today, the American farmer enjoys the same facilities for instant,

direct communication as the city dweller. Though distances between farms are reckoned in miles as the crow flies, the telephone brings every one as close as next door. Though it be half a day's journey to the village, the farmer is but a telephone call away.

Aside from its neighborhood value, the telephone keeps the farmer in touch with the city and abreast of the times.

The Bell System has always recognized rural telephone development as an essential factor of Universal Service. It has co-operated with the farmer to achieve this aim.

The result is that the Bell System reaches more places than there are post offices and includes as many rural telephones as there are telephones of all kinds in Great Britain, France and Germany combined.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in Puck."





### USED TO IT

MR. GOLDFINCH (*politely*): Do you object to smoke?  
MISS SWALLOW: Oh! not at all, sir. I was brought up in a chimney!

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25c. in stamps.  
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### LOVE-LETTERS OF A CUBIST

Adonis to Mabel:

Violet - Eyes - and - Beauty - Spot, Adonis greets —  
Chewing - gum, greaseless axles, war extras,  
Elbows, billboards, bootblacks, Hebrews, busses,  
Ham-and, prunes, prunes.  
I gasp, I gutter, I go out.  
Air!

Autumn, the river, peanuts, parks, pall-sades,  
Space, space, space, space.  
Violet-Eyes!  
I vibrate, I revive.

Mabel to Adonis:

Dear Ad:  
Good idea to get out into the country, Sunday. Call for me at three. I'd like to go to Coney.

Yours, MABEL.

Adonis to Mabel:

Violet - Eyes - and - Vermillion - Lips, Adonis salutes —  
Party-case, elbow-lengths,  
Taxi!  
Third-row, guffaws, applause, opera-glasses,  
Sobs!  
Heroes, altos, bassos, bel-cantos, oboes, Bassoons!  
Swan songs, Tristans, Toreadors, scores, Encores!  
Vermillion-Lips.

Mabel to Adonis:

Dear Ad:  
Thanks awfully. I'd love to go to a musical show with you. I'm crazy to see "The Diverting Divorce," but there's a grand cabaret after "The Kicking Count-ess." Till Saturday night.

MABEL.

Adonis to Mabel:

Violet - Eyes - and - Purple - Cheeks, Adonis implores —  
Longing, longing,  
A wish, a want, a vacancy.  
(Ham-and, prunes!)  
Purple-Cheeks!  
Vermillion-Lips!  
Two arms, a waist.  
Around, about, encircle, curl, entwine,  
bend, wind, bind.

Solitaire!

Scintillating solitaire!

Genuine two - and - one - sixteenth carat solitaire!

Veil, swallow-tail, rice-hall,  
Lune-de-miel, hotel, O, H —  
How difficult it is not to rhyme!

Art-craft, steam-heated apartment, eleven dozen solid silver oyster forks, five solid mahogany mock-turtle soup toureens,  
Sunsets, ice cream, moonlight, forever and ever and ever.

Bliss, bliss, bliss!  
At your feet,  
I implore!

Mabel to Adonis:

Dear Ad:  
Father says that I have too much temper-  
ment myself to marry a poet. Be-  
sides Jim has just bought a Ford.

Sorry, MABEL.

### LOOKING BACKWARD

MADGE: The present styles make one look very girlish.

MARJORIE: Why shouldn't they? My skirts are about the same length as the ones I wore when I was twelve.

### JUST HIS LUCK

BILL SUBURBS (*called to the telephone at midnight*): Yes, this is Bill Suburbs. Oh, that you, Nexdore. What's that! My garage is on fire? Gee, that's tough—my car is at the repair shop!



**FEATHERWEIGHT EYESHADE**  
— WILL SAVE YOUR EYES —  
Light Weight 1/4 oz. Adjustable. Durable. No Metal. Lies Flat. Hygienic, perspiration has no effect on it. Healthy, color restful to the eyes. Visor extra wide. Transparent for natural light. Opaque for artificial light and those wearing glasses. Postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. Featherweight Eyeshade Co., Box E, Merchantville, N.J.



### GREAT TRIAL OFFER!

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## The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 10)

sympathetic overtones. His pity is without Olympian condescension. He presents a most lovable attitude in the presence of the eternal spectacle of human guile and stupidity. It is not alone that he pardons, but he also seeks to comprehend. Without the cold surgeon's eye of Flaubert, his is the kindly vision of a priest who studies the maladies of the soul. In him there is ecclesiastical foundation. He forgives because he understands. And after his tenderest benediction he may smile, a smile of irony, seldom a malicious smile. An adroit determinist, he sets no store by the logical faculties. "Man is not a reasoning animal," he says, "and human reason is usually a mirage." But to label him with sentimentalism à la Russe—the Russian pity that originally stemmed from Dickens, and was distilled in Dostolevsky—would shock him into an outburst. Conceive him, then, as a man to whom all emotional extravagance is foreign; as a detester of rhetoric, of declamation, of the phrase facile; as a thinker who assembles within the temple of his creations every extreme in ideas, sentiment, manners, and belief, nevertheless contrives to fuse this chaos by the force of his sober style; a style more linear than colored, more for the eye than the ear; a style so pellucid that one views it suspiciously—it may conceal within its clear, profound depths strange secrets, as does some mountain lake in the shine of the sun. Even the simplest art hath its veils.

**Not a Book-BUILDER** Critics have accused him of not being able to build a book. He knows the rhythms of poetry, but he "does not know the harmony of essences," said Bernard Lazare. He is an excellent Parnassian, but a mediocre philosopher. He is a charming raconteur, but he cannot compose a book. "Precise in details, diffuse in ensembles, clear and confused, neat and ambiguous," remarks M. Lazare, "he searches his object in concentric circles. Furthermore, he has the soul of a Greek of the decadence, and the voice of a Sistine Chapel singer—pure, but irresolute." To some of these strictures admission may be made without fear of decomposing the picture which the gentle Anatole has set before us of his own personality: a picture, however, he does not himself hesitate to efface from the canvas whenever his perversity prompts. He is all that his critics assert, and much more. It is this moral eclecticism, this violent contrast of traits, and these apparently irreconcilable elements of his character that appal, interest, yet make him so human. But his art never swerves; it invariably records the fluctuations of his spirit, a spirit at once subtle, savant, and desultory; records all in a style both concrete and clairvoyant. His books are not so much novels as chronicles of designedly simple structure. His essays are confessions. His confessions a blending of the naive and corrupt—for there are corroding properties in these persuasive disenchantments. Upon those of robust faith Anatole France makes no more impression than do St. Augustine, St. Theresa, the Imitation, or the Provincial Letters. Of Plato he would have asked: "What is Truth?" and if Pilate had posed the same question, Anatole might have replied by handing him his "Jardin d'Epiqueure," a veritable breviary of scepticism. A wilful child of belles-lettres and philosophy, he may be always expected to say the startling. If you don't care for the astringent irony of "The Isle of Penguins," there is "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard," to console and delight. Since his works are now translated (John Lane), there is no excuse for neglecting not only a charming writer but a brave man, who, in the face of threatened ruin, social and artistic and political faced the accusers of Dreyfus and told them the bitter truth.

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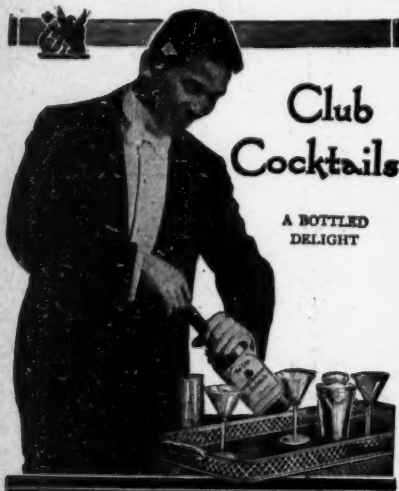
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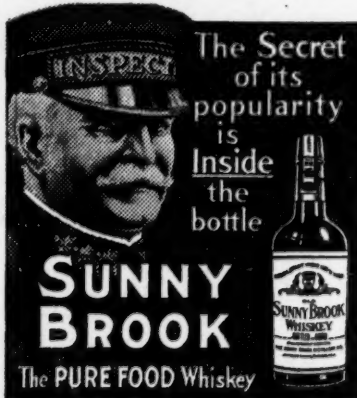
By Charles Sumner



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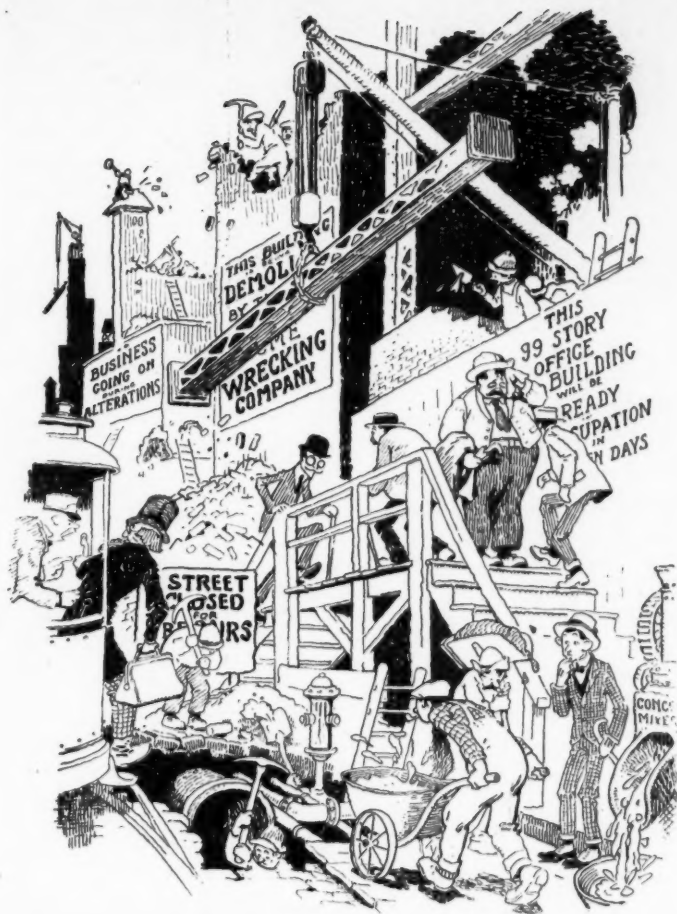
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"Oh, I don't know. There's Roosevelt."

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HERE, messieurs et mesdames, is a new magazine for you; and not merely a new magazine for you, but a new kind of magazine for America. Here is life, romance, gaiety, amour. Here is the sparkle of champagne, the fragrance of perfumed cigarettes, the swish of soft silks, the sparkle of pretty girls' eyes. Here is fiction with the thrill of youth in it; fiction as dashing as the Paris boulevards, as snappy as the night winds that sweep the terraces of Monte Carlo, as gay as the banter of the Trouville bathing beach. Here, in a word, is a magazine for the Tired Business Man and his even more Tired Wife.

GLANCE at the cover. Glance at the illustrations. Here is the American *Le Rire* of fiction, the American *Vie Parisienne* of sparkling stories.

ELTINGE F. WARNER, Publisher

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**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## The Puppet Shop

(Continued from page 14)

### The Month's Third Greatest Theatrical Thought

"The novel has always been a much freer form than the drama."—  
A. E. W. Mason, in an interview in the New York Evening Post.

Why the expression, the "theatre" of war? If the use of the word be pertinent, why should not the reports emanating from the so-called theatre be couched in pertinent terms? Why not, then, "London, Oct. 19. (Rotterdam despatch to the Daily Mail.) Scene: Lille, France. Time: Five o'clock of the afternoon of October 18, 1914. Exit Germans L. C. Enter Allies L. U. E. Business of being successful on left flank. Curtain."

A Shaw Play.—A moving-picture consisting entirely of explanatory titles.

### One Hundred Words Often Mispronounced

1 to 100 inc.—"Success!"

### The Allies' Fighting Song

As everyone knows, the fighting song of the Allies is neither "God Save the King" nor the "Marseillaise," nor any other national anthem, but a music hall ditty by Jack Judge and Harry Williams, called "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." Just why the Allies selected this song has been a matter of considerable speculation. And yet the reason is simple enough. The tune of the song is much like that of one of Blanche Ring's typical numbers. And the lyric is as follows:

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,  
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ry one was gay;  
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand, and Leicester Square,  
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

#### CHORUS

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know!  
Goodbye Piccadilly,  
Farewell Leicester Square.  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary  
But my heart's right there!  
It's a' there!

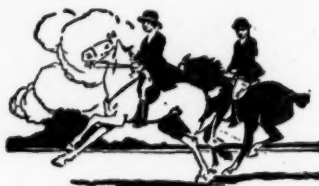
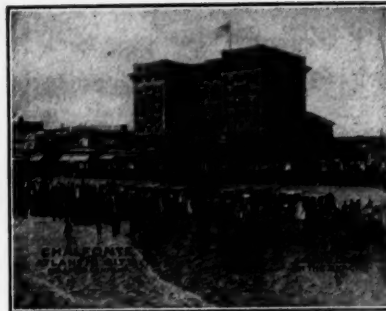
Now, if you can think of a song that would make a man feel more like fighting—

Contortionist.—One who practises gymnastic feats requiring great suppleness of the joints, and involving twisted, contorted, and unnatural postures; in brief, a man seated in Row M at a leg show.

The American Drama.—The Sunday of art.

In his so-called "Preface" to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," handed to each person in the hall of audience upon the event of the Shakespearean production, Mr. Granville Barker observes: "Why waste time in proving that 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is a bad play, or proving otherwise, since, to its deepest damnation, one must add: Written by a man of genius for the theatre, playwright in spite of himself! Does not vitally defeat doctrine?" Sure, old top! Sure, Gran, vitality defeats doctrine. You've hit it off a little bit of all right, old dear. "Way Down East" has been playing around here for many, many years. It is, therefore, a great play. The Albatross series of novels has been published and republished and again republished for longer than one can remember. The Albatross novels are, therefore, great novels. And Anthony Comstock is sixty years old, and still going awful strong! Therefore—you win, Gran. Deux bieres, garcon!

What idiotic fellows these so-called dramatic critics are! Listen to the mouthing of one of them, George Jean Nathan by name, in a review of one of the current plays in a recent number of *The Smart Set*: "Almost all comedy is based on the fact that a man will do anything for the woman he loves . . . So—alas—is almost all tragedy." Nonsense pure and simple! This so-called critic, whose practise it seems to be to substitute a cheap and irrelevant form of wit for intelligent dramatic analysis, here again shows himself up for the numskull he is. Had this Mr. Nathan the faintest notion of the subject upon which he so bumptiously writes, he would know that while, true, almost all comedy is based on the fact that a man will do anything to make happy the woman he loves, almost all tragedy, to the contrary, is based on the fact that he marries her.

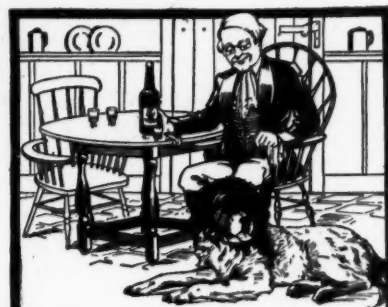


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#### DIARY

March 3, 1820

A pleasant evening we had, Dick and I. Not for the wealth of the Indies would I exchange the three best things I have—my old friend Dick, my good dog Prince and reliable

### Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

The friend of our forefathers  
and still the friend of men who  
appreciate a choice, delightful  
pure whiskey. Aged in the wood,  
bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



The Lovely Court of Four Seasons, Panama Pacific International Exposition

## WHAT TO SEE AND HOW TO SEE IT

This advertisement is for two classes of people—those who are coming to the Pacific Coast this year to see the two great Expositions, and those who cannot come but who want to see the Expositions anyhow.

To the first of these, SUNSET MAGAZINE offers the assistance of its complete Service Bureau, a department of this magazine which supplies free to SUNSET MAGAZINE subscribers unbiased information about the Expositions—train service, railroad rates, hotel accommodations and rates, side trips, what to see and how to see it; and information about any section of the Far West, its lands and industries, its opportunities, etc.

To the second, SUNSET MAGAZINE, the magazine of the Pacific Coast country, offers an opportunity to gain a thorough knowledge of the Pacific Coast country, of the Expositions, etc., through descriptive articles featuring the Panama Pacific International Exposition and the Panama California Exposition, and many other splendidly illustrated articles and stories concerning the great West.

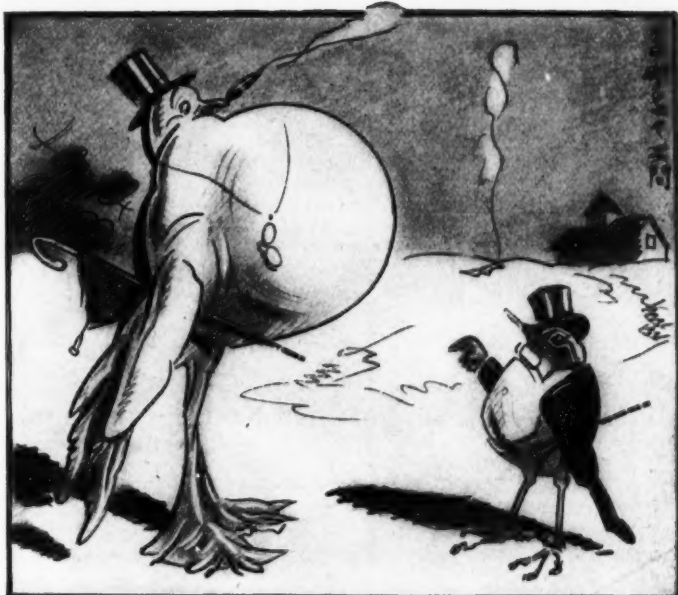
## SUNSET MAGAZINE

is different from any magazine you are now reading, delightfully different. It brings you each month the tang of the Pacific, the beauty of new-found America, the pulsing thrill of a land new to development and aflame with the zeal of workers. It is the magazine of "out-there," where life is large, a magazine that ought to be and will be read by every alert American citizen.

The coupon is for your use. You could not spend fifty cents to better advantage.

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Enclosed find 50 cents for which please send me, postage prepaid, books describing the Panama Pacific International Exposition and the Panama California Exposition, and Sunset Magazine for twelve months, and enroll me as a subscriber of your SUNSET SERVICE BUREAU, and settling me to free information about the Expositions and the Pacific Coast Country during term of my subscription.  
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### BUILT FOR GLORY

DICKY BIRD: I wonder you never went into the army!  
POUTER PIGEON: Why?  
DICKY BIRD: You have such a fine chest to hang medals on!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.  
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### SOME MORE "REGULATION"

The New York Stock Exchange, after months of enforced idleness, began to make a little money last month, and immediately aroused the envy of every pettifogging "regulator" south of the Mason and Dixon line. The following is by the financial writer of the New York American:

I had a long, intimate talk the other evening with Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, joint author of the Federal Reserve Law and sponsor of a bill to incorporate and regulate the Stock Exchange. Senator Owen has great influence at Washington.

"How is Wall Street behaving? How is the Stock Exchange doing?" he asked.

I replied that the Exchange now had a vigilant "police committee" and was acting most circumspectly.

"I am glad to hear it," he replied. "As long as the stock market business is carried on decently and the public are protected from improper practices, the measure providing for the Federal incorporation of the Stock Exchange will probably be allowed to lie in abeyance."

"But if the Exchange returns to its old tricks incorporation will be taken up."

Is business again to be slugged into insensibility before it has a chance to get back on its feet? The spectacle of a rural legislator dictating the rules under which the New York Stock Exchange must be operated is about as soul-inspiring as the efforts of a committee of Wall Street financiers in directing the activities of an Oklahoma pumpkin patch.

The prevailing Congressional pastime appears to be counting ten over the prostrate form of industry.

Austria-Hungary.—The St. Louis Browns of the Teutonic league.

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Oculists and Physicians used Murine Eye Remedy many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. Murine is Still Compounded by our Physicians and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Relief for Eyes that Need Care. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes—No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Buy Murine of your Druggist—accept no Substitute, and if interested write for Book of the Eye Free.

MURINE EYE REMEDY COMPANY  
Chicago, Ill.



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CITY AND STATE

## NEWSPAPER "FILLER"

The Kind of Stuff You Read  
at the Bottom of the Column



Grand Opera is said to be absolutely unknown in the Island of Borneo.

The Swiss Alps are made up almost wholly of rocks. Ice and hard snow, however, are frequently found in glaciers.

The dwellers on the Mexican table lands have a curious custom. They never use oyster forks.

The female codfish cake has much more brilliant plumage than the male. Both are very plentiful on the New England coast.

Efficiency experts are seeking a way to utilize the inside of a bass-drum. It is

estimated that about nine million cubic feet of perfectly good space are going annually to waste.

Euclid was forty-seven years of age before he knew that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points.

George Washington was born in 1732, or one hundred years earlier than people who were not born until 1832.

Leading suffragists deny that there is a man in the moon.

## A DEADLY BLOW

CRAWFORD: Nation-wide prohibition would accomplish many things.

CRABSHAW: Yes, look at all the golf clubs that would go out of existence.

Party government is where half the people are trying their best to rock the boat for no reason except that the other half are trying their best to hold it steady.

## Schlitz in Brown Bottles is Nourishing

Its malt is food; its hops, tonic. It invigorates, soothes, and cleanses the system.

It's all healthfulness, and its purity is protected until it is poured into your glass,

## Sparkling and Clear as Crystal

The Brown Bottle keeps out the light, which the light bottle fails to do.

Light starts decay even in pure beer. It is not enough to make pure beer, it must be kept pure.

**Schlitz**

See that crown is  
branded "Schlitz"

Order a case today.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

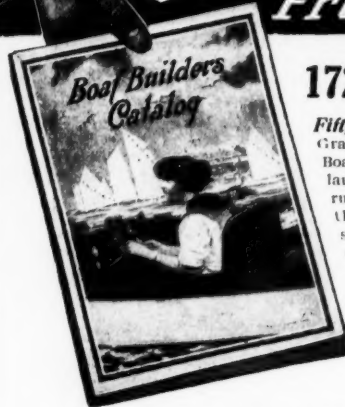


**BLUFF** an' boast are props for a weak case. **VELVET** is its own argument in the court of last resort—yo' pipe.

VELVET'S arguments are fragrance, flavor and an age-mellowed smoothness.

*Velvet Joe*

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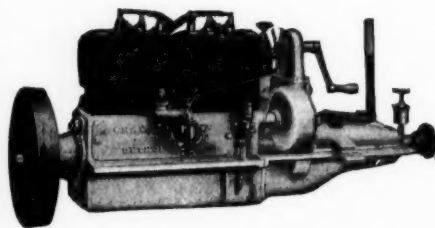
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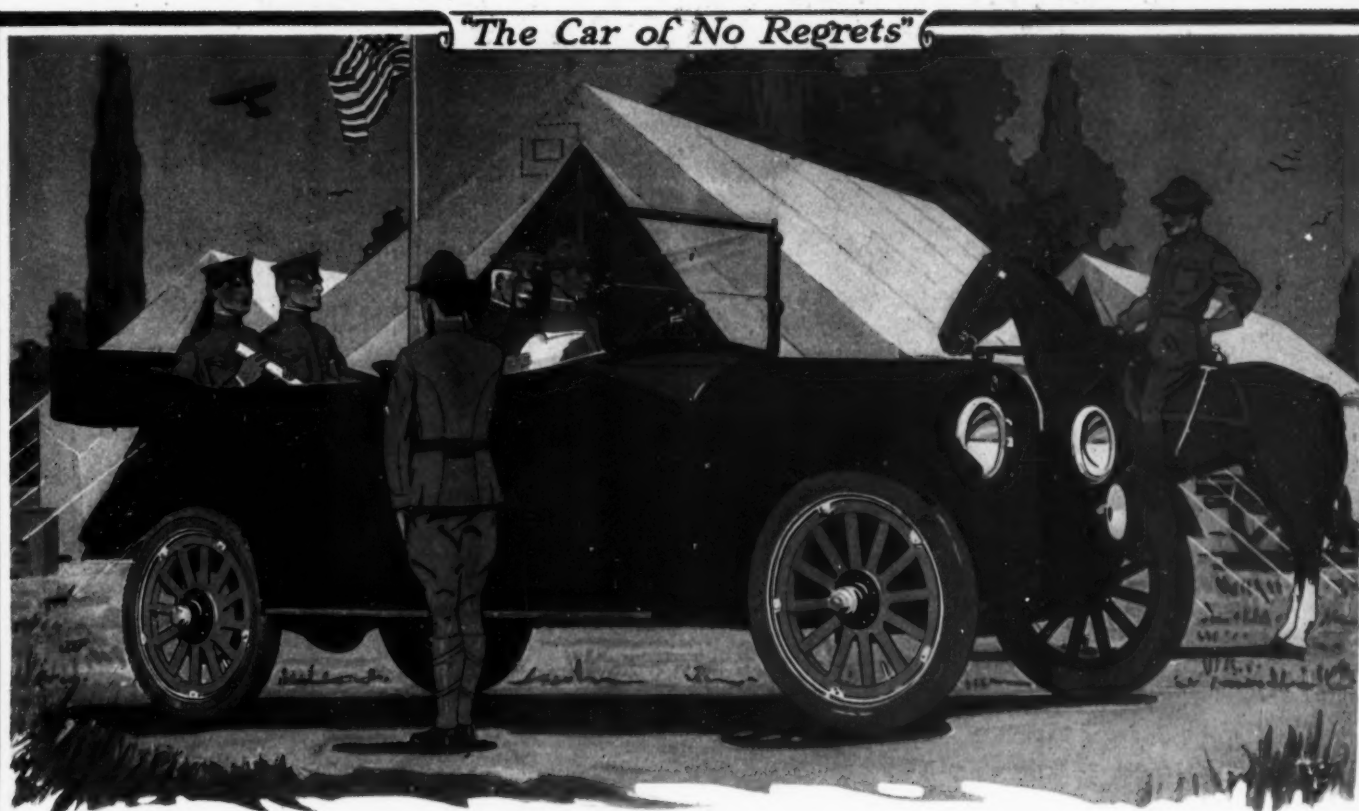
544 Gray Motor Building

DETROIT, MICH.

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